Issued Dec. 22nd, 1917.

HAD YOUR XMAS GIFT YET?—See Page 13.

JOHN BULL

VOL. XXII. No. 603. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1917. ONE PENNY.

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper]

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Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

FOOD ECONOMY
NATIONAL SAFETY

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DRINK MORE MILK-COCOA.

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MILKMAID MILK-COCOA

THE COCOA WITH THE MILK-CHOCOLATE FLAVOUR.

Prepared in England by the well-known firm of Nestlé and sold by all Grocers and Stores.

Stocks produced at lower cost are now exhausted, and the current cash prices are

5d., 9½d., and 1/6 per tin.

WHY HAIG IS SILENT

BY HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

Then Annabel had a brain wave—

"All those places are too dear," she said. "I know where we'll go for our furniture—to the 'Midland.'" And we did.

Believe me, there's not a place in the Kingdom that can touch the "Midland" for genuine sterling value. You've only to compare their plainly marked prices with what you would be asked to pay elsewhere for furniture of anything like the same quality; and you'll see for yourself how true it is that

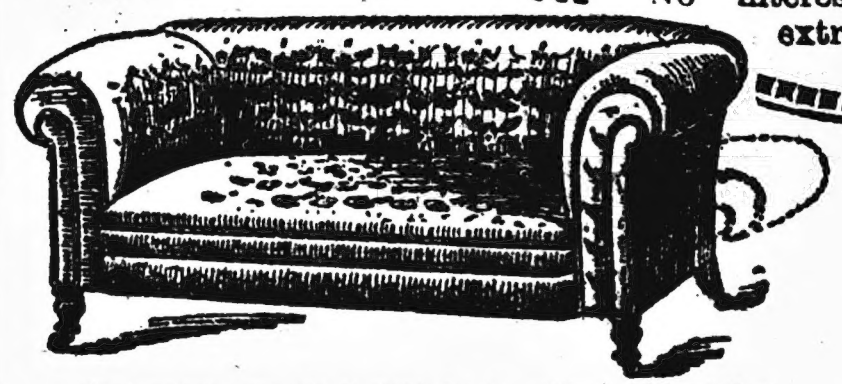
Money buys more at the 'Midland'

Even in these days of "shortages" the "Midland" give you £100,000 worth of beautiful furniture to select from. You will be simply astounded at the variety of choice. And when you've found exactly what you want, you get it at the bedrock, bargain price. If you prefer to pay cash, you secure 10% discount. If you decide to furnish out of income, "Midland" Ideal Terms enable you to pay at your own convenience. No interest is charged — no extras whatever.

Ideal Terms
(Town or Country).

Worth.	Per Month.
£10 -	£0 5 6
£20 -	0 11 0
£30 -	0 16 6
£40 -	1 2 0
£50 -	1 7 6
£100 -	2 15 0
£200 -	5 10 0
£500 -	13 15 0

Larger amounts pro rata.



Well-upholstered Chesterfield Settee, with or without drop ends as desired. Thoroughly well sprung and covered with various shades of art tapestry. **£8 18s. 6d.**

10% Discount for Cash and War Loan Script.

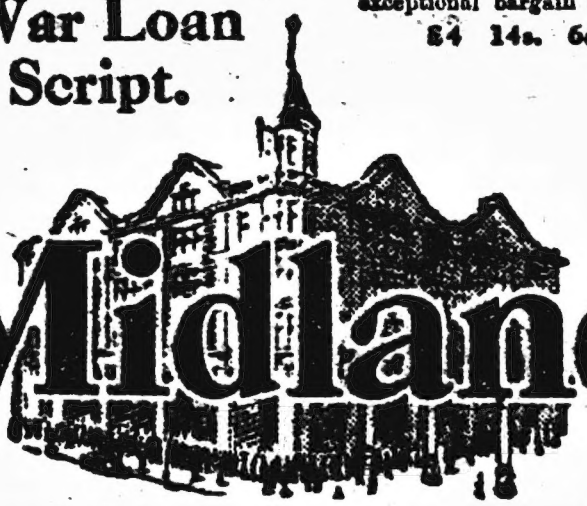
An exceedingly comfortable Easy Chair, double sprung, sumptuously upholstered and covered in art tapestry to customer's choice. An exceptional bargain at **£4 14s. 6d.**

Rail Fares Paid.
Customers' fares to town paid on all orders of £20 and over.

Country Orders
packed free of charge and forwarded carriage paid. Orders by post carefully and personally dealt with by a Special Manager.

Free Life, Fire, Zeppelin and Bombardment Insurance.

At the "Midland" customers can obtain free insurance policies whereby all furniture purchased on Ideal Terms becomes the absolute property of the wife in the event of the death of the purchaser. All furniture thus purchased is also insured against damage by Fire, Zeppelin Bombs, or Hostile Bombardment.



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Contractors to H.M. Crown Agents for the Colonies,

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Seven doors from Holborn and Holborn Tube Station, 1 minute from British Museum Tube Station.

House—9 till 8. Saturdays—9 till 1.

A smart appearance, at low cost.

The present high prices of materials have raised Jacksons' prices a little- but you may still be assured that they are the lowest possible consistent with the high standard of quality and style always maintained by Jacksons'.

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Hats 3/9 & 6/6. Boots & Shoes
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All in Ladies' and Gents' Fittings.

Mail Order Dept. If you cannot visit one of Jacksons numerous oranches, you can easily order by post if you send for our Illustrated Catalogue. Fit and style guaranteed.

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M1

"VITA" CIGARETTE MAKER.

Makes 26 FILTERED or MOUTHPIECE, or 22 ordinary cigarettes instantly (with cigarette papers or tubes) with 1 oz. tobacco; equals 7 for 1d. Best tobacco, 4 for 1d. Filtered cigarettes prevent Sore Throats, and save 20 per cent. tobacco, as there is No waste. Any tobacco can be used. Only weighs 1 oz. Fits in Cigarette Case. LADIES can use it.

Best Gift for the TROOPS

Prices: Nickel 1/3. Silverplated 1/9. Silver 5/-. Paper tubes 1,000 1/10; 500 1/- post free. New supply in, no waiting

KNIGHT'S VITA (Dept. J.), Limehill Rd., Tunbridge Wells.

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See that you have a bottle of **POND'S** ready to cure and prevent this troublesome complaint. This simple, cleanly and invaluable remedy has a world-wide reputation for all-round utility.

You can apply Pond's Extract with confidence in all cases of **Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Scalds, Catarrh, Soreness, Stiffness, Wounds, Piles, Varicose Veins and Bleeding** (internal or external). **Pond's Extract is** antiseptic—a splendid "First Aid" for the Soldier, the Nurse, & the Home.

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES. Insist on the genuine POND'S Extract, the purity and strength of which are guaranteed by its 70 years reputation. Sold by all Chemists in sealed bottles at 1s. 3d., 2s. 6d and 5s. Book of "First Aid" directions with every bottle.

POND'S VANISHING CREAM is sometimes difficult to obtain, owing to general war conditions. Users are therefore reminded that Pond's Extract refreshes and invigorates the skin and protects it under all trying conditions.

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Pond's Extract *The Old Family Doctor*

GRAVES OF SHEFFIELD

Write for patterns, post free, of Suits, Overcoats, Costumes, Ladies' and Children's Paletots, Raincoats, Dress Materials, Household Drapery, etc., or Catalogues of Watches and Jewellery, Furs, Workers' and Boy's Clothing, Footwear, Sheffield Cutlery, Prams, Cycles, Tyres, Gramophones and Records, Lino, Tea and Dinner Services, Sewing Machines, and Poultry Appliances etc. etc.

EASY — J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD — TERMS

The National Drink.

STONE'S GINGER WINE

A glassful hot will stave off a chill.

BANISH HAIR POVERTY.

How to Rid Yourself of Falling Hair and Dandruff, and Secure Healthy, Radiant, Abundant Hair.

1,000,000 "HARLENE HAIR-DRILL" OUTFITS FREE.

Remarkable interest has been aroused by the ever-increasing number of cases of hair troubles reported from all over Great Britain. Thousands of men and women are finding Hair Poverty, Premature Baldness, and Loss of Colour troubling them to-day as never before.

Are War conditions responsible for all this? Actually in many cases they are.

DO NOT NEGLECT YOUR HAIR

"There is certainly a great increase lately in all kinds of hair troubles," said Mr. Edwards, the Inventor-Discoverer of "Harlene Hair-Drill," "but this is chiefly due to the fact that many people do not realise how simple a task it is to make the hair wonderfully bright and healthy. I have heard of extraordinary cases of hair troubles. There are hundreds of thousands who are suffering from hair weakness due to the anxiety, worry, and overwork of these trying times, which could so speedily be remedied if they would only accept the Free Gift I am prepared to offer.

"I am willing to send to the first million people who write for it a parcel containing all the necessary materials for a seven days' practice of hair-health and beauty cultivation free of all charge."

IMPROVE YOUR HAIR FREE.

Why not decide to-day to banish hair poverty for ever? Why wear attenuated, thin, impoverished, lifeless locks of hair when all the rich sparkle and abundance of hair in its natural healthy condition is yours for the asking?

There is no reason why any woman should not possess masses of waving tresses. Men, too, will find they can add to their smart appearance by following "Harlene Hair-Drill."

The Gift parcel comprises :—

1. **A bottle of "Harlene," the true liquid food for the hair, which stimulates it to new growth. It is Tonic, Food, and Dressing in one.**
2. **A packet of the marvellous hair and scalp cleansing "Cremex" Shampoo Powder, which prepares the head for "Hair-Drill."**

Does your hair fall out when you comb and brush it in the morning? If so, this is a sign of hair weakness that can be overcome by a two-minutes-a-day Healthy Hair Exercise

You may possess a healthy head of hair, abundant, bright, beautiful, if you adopt the popular remedy for all hair weakness. Test "Harlene Hair Drill" Free (see coupon).

3. **A Bottle of "Uzon" Brilliantine, which gives a final touch of brightness to the hair, and is especially beneficial to those whose scalp is inclined to be "dry."**
4. **A copy of the new edition of the "Hair-drill" Manual, giving complete instructions.**

The effect of "Harlene" on the hair gives to the face a refined beauty and distinction that would be altogether impossible with weak or artificially made-up hair.

After a Free Trial you will be able to obtain supplies of "Harlene" from your chemist at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., or 4s. 6d. per bottle.

"Uzon" Brilliantine costs 1s. and 2s. 6d. per bottle, and "Cremex" Shampoo 1s. 1½d. per box of seven shampoos (single packets 2d. each).

Any or all of the preparations will be sent post free on receipt of price direct, from Edwards' Harlene, Limited, 20, 22, 24, 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London W.C. 1. Carriage extra on foreign orders. Cheques and P.O.'s should be crossed

FREE HARLENE GIFT COUPON

Cut out and post to EDWARDS' HARLENE, Ltd., 20 22, 24 and 26 Lamb's Conduit Street London, W.C.1.

Dear Sirs—Please send me your Free "Harlene" Four-Fold Hair-Growing Outfit as described above. I enclose 4d. in stamps for postage and packing to my address.

NOTE TO READER:

Write your full name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this coupon to it and post as directed above.
Mark envelope "Sample Dept."

The Advertisement Guarantee is on page 15.

IONA

SCOTCH WHISKY

TRADE MARK

Fully matured, mellowed with age, and free from all acridity, "IONA" at once appeals to the palate of those who appreciate the best in Scotch Whisky.

Blended with unusual care from the choicest spirits, "IONA" possesses an unequalled flavour, and will come as a revelation to those who have hitherto been content with ordinary blends.

"IONA" can be obtained from your wine and spirit merchant. If he hasn't it in stock, he can get it for you.

Established 1820.
Auchentoshan Distillery, N.B.

G. & J. MACLACHLAN Ltd., GLASGOW.

Send Him an Ingersoll Radiolite Watch this Christmas

The most welcome and useful gift you can send to your friend in the Army, Navy or Air Service

"RADIOLITE" is a self-luminous substance, and "self-luminous" means that the light comes from within. Merely phosphorescent substances borrow their luminosity from outside light, *i.e.*, they glow for a few hours (at most) after exposure to daylight. But "Radiolite" supplies its own illumination. There's radium in it. "Radiolite" watches tell the time day and night without the aid of artificial light, and are the most serviceable watches for *the* Boys, the man in the office or factory, for postmen, policemen and others who need a sturdy, accurate watch for night as well as day.

There is an Ingersoll model for everyone, from 60/- down to 9/-

Sold by thousands of shopkeepers throughout the Kingdom; but if your dealer cannot supply you, any Ingersoll model you wish will be sent post free upon receipt of price.

Handsome Illustrated Catalogue sent post free.

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per week can be saved for investment in **NATIONAL WAR BONDS** if all men not joined up send their clothes to us for renovation instead of buying new ones. so

Don't Worry!

For every suit or overcoat you send us for renovation we save you practically the cost of a new one—to buy **NATIONAL WAR BONDS** with. Test the truth of our statement by sending right away. Suits and overcoats cleaned, repaired and reshaped for 5s.

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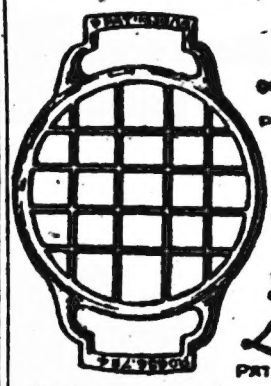
YOUR BOYS' PARCEL SHOULD INCLUDE A

WRIST WATCH
"Mesh-Guard"
PAT NO 105694
BRITISH MADE



NEAT—ORNAMENTAL—
SIMPLE—STRONG—
ABSOLUTE PROTECTION

INSIST ON THE WRIST WATCH
"Mesh-Guard"
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IN THE LITTLE ENVELOPE SHOWING OFFICERS CUFF TRADE MARK

NICKEL OR KHAKI 1/-

ROLLED GOLD OR H.M SILVER 2/6

If unable to obtain, write to the Mesh-Guard, No. 14 Dept., 10-13, New Bridge St., London, E.C.4

NO MORE ASTHMA

Every Asthma sufferer should know that Potter's Asthma Cure gives instant relief. The moment you [illegible] it the [illegible] coughing stops and you can breathe easily.

POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE

is the best remedy for bronchitis of children. Have you been a martyr to asthma and bronchitis for years? If so, keep a tin handy and use when required. Attacks will be prevented and peaceful sleep ensured. So that you may prove its value, accept Free Trial at once. Fill up form and receive Free Trial of Potter's Asthma Cure, and a little book "Are you Asthmatic?" Tells all about the cause, prevention and cure of asthma and bronchitis. Potter's Asthma Cure is supplied by all chemists, herbalists and stores for 1s.

Sign this Form To-day.

To Potter and Clarke, Ltd. 60 Artillery Lane, London, E. 1. Please send Free Trial of Potter's Asthma Cure.

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ADDRESS .....

John Bull .....

The Advertisement Guarantee is on page 15

JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XXII. No. 603. Week ending Saturday, December 22nd, 1917. One Penny.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER.*"

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

Christmas!!!

We are not sure that it is possible to say more than is expressed in those "notes." The fourth Christmas of the war, and all the world in arms! And yet, as even Mr. Churchill—most pessimistic of prophets—tells us, victory was recently within our grasp. Oh, Russia, what you have done for the world! Still, dear readers, attune your ear to the New Atmosphere—and even to-day you may catch the not far distant sound of the bells.

A Trio of Sacrifice—

Has it occurred to you that the names of the three greatest leaders of modern Liberalism—Gladstone, Rosebery and Asquith—are already inscribed on the War's Roll of Honour? The fathers of those heroes can never be called "Little Englanders."

And Another.

Nor does the sad coincidence end there. The old Unionist leaders, Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Bonar Law, have each given of his best; whilst Mr. Barnes and Mr. Henderson—the only Labour men who have ever sat in the War Cabinet—have both, also, lost sons. Verily, Armageddon is no respecter of persons!

Bravo, Rothermere!

That is the stuff to give them—eye for eye, tooth for tooth—in the way of Air Reprisals. How they will howl!

National "Interest."

So Mr. Bonar Law does not consider it to be in the "National interest" that large firms should continue to offer War Bonds on the prize system. But what about National *Capital?*

Our New Campaign.

We are now making arrangements for a campaign of our own, in the New Year, on Britain's War *Terms—and how to secure them.* It is time the air was cleared.

Who is Responsible?

In the latest Army List, the treacherous (ex)-Queen Sophia of Greece still appears with our own Royal Family as a member of the Royal Red Cross. S. M. G.!

A "Broad" Vicar.

Thus writes the Rev. H. Macturk, Vicar of Holland Fen, Lincoln: "I have often quoted you, with effect, in the pulpit. A number of my parishioners devour JOHN BULL and seem to regard it as their weekly Bible." And the Vicar is the father of a gallant lad, badly wounded, and mentioned in despatches!

Nurses Barred.

What do you think of this—from the Queen's Hotel, Eastbourne: "Nurses are not allowed in the Dining-Room, *or in any of the public rooms,* in uniform"?

Our "Price."

Under the heading of "The Subsidised Press," the *Catholic News* has an oblique reference to this journal. Well, everybody has his price—ours is 1d.

The Taxi Scandal.

Quite apart from the scandal of the strike, isn't it about time that the Railway authorities studied the convenience of the travelling public, and adjusted that petty dispute about the penny station toll? Isn't it the fact that the drivers have offered to put the disputed penny into any war charity?

"Lord Bottomcliffe."

Have you seen the *Daily Stunt,* one of the supplements to the *Truth* Christmas Number? It is one of the cleverest hits on modern journalism. But who *is* "Lord Bottomcliffe"?

Morality by Post.

Here is an illuminating section of the Annual Accounts of the Y.W.C.A.:—"Moral Education, April 1st, 1916—March 31st, 1917: RECEIPTS.—To Grant from General Account, £0 16s. 0d. EXPENDITURE.—By Postage, £0 16s. 0d."

Get Ready!

According to *Cassell's Saturday Journal,* "the public disgust with the incapacity of ordinary politicians is becoming so manifest that it is considered likely that Mr. Bottomley will be called upon to form a Government." Called upon by whom?

The Schoolmaster Abroad!

Here is an exact copy of a notice at the Military Intelligence Police Office, Albert Harbour, Greenock:—"The key of the desk as been missing since the 15th inst. where the Military Intelingence Police keep British Seaman Passes should be glad if it could be replaced at once as we cannot issue any Passes till we have got it"!

The East End Poor.

Don't forget our fund for the East London poor—many of them enduring great privations through the war, and not being eligible to participate in any of the War Relief Funds. Send your money along to our office, and dispatch any parcels of clothing, toys, food, and other things you can spare, to our depot, 25, Church Road, Homerton, London, N.E. *We* will do the rest.

The moon is here again. Be sure to sign our Free Air Raid Insurance Coupon on page iii of Cover.

GIVING THEM HELL?

SLOPPY SENTIMENT AND HUN MURDERERS.

BY CHARLES PALMER.

HAD the enemy not been convicted by ensanguined evidence of having violated every code of chivalry and of bringing to the service of arms unprintable bestialities and atrocities, those who treat the Hun with sentimental tenderness might have some excuse for their disgusting weakness. But the records of this war have revealed the enemy as a base and lustful foe, ready to sink to any degree of infamy and determined to reduce the old gallantry of the fighting man to the most debased depths. Can we wonder then that indignation, red and inflamed, is stimulated whenever there is record of some new and fatuous act of consideration towards the murderers who come by night to deal death and burning among our civilian population? Take the latest instance of the swine sent to do their Kaiser's bidding by another Gotha raid on London. When these men, with their machines put out of action, were forced to descend and were made prisoners, they were at once regaled with cigarettes and coffee! A gallant British lad who fell in the German lines not long ago, and on whom a letter was found describing the bestial way of the Huns, has been sentenced to a year's imprisonment! Listen to this from an outraged father: "On Wednesday evening last I was officially informed that my third and last son has given his life for his country in Palestine. On Thursday morning I was on duty as a Special Constable during the raid, and in my neighbourhood a mother and two children were bombed to death. On Friday I read with a feeling of boiling indignation that the murderers, taken red-handed, were treated to cigarettes and coffee in a sergeants' mess. As a broken-hearted father weeping for his dear dead, and in the name of my poor broken-hearted wife and sorrow-bowed daughter, I protest against this pampering of brutal murderers. It is an insult, and an outrage to us whose dead have died that our country may live." That protest from the very soul of the bereaved will surely find an echo in every pure and patriotic heart. It is indeed infamous—it is insulting the fallen, it is deriding the mothers and children whom my Lord Curzon has thought fit to sneer at for "cowering in cellars," that these midnight murderers should be treated as if they were a brave and chivalrous enemy. In the name of decency, let us have done with this spineless and sickly sentimentality. No one suggests that the men who are sent to murder our women and infants should be made to die the death their masters, the War Lords, deserve. But they have initiated a kind of warfare so inhuman and so hideous as to place them outside the pale, at any rate, of sentimental treatment. Recall the nauseating inscription sent by soft-hearted fools to the dead murderers at Dover, "To a brave and gallant foe"; remember the over-tender treatment, the honour of a bearer party of English officers, for the incinerated corpses recovered from a burned Zeppelin. Note by contrast the case of the young flying officer whose machine was brought down in flames within the German lines. He was badly burnt about the legs and ankles. Did they give him cigarettes and coffee and a motor car? No; in spite of his painful injuries, he was made to march for six hours and then to undergo a railway journey of two days and nights. It was not until over a week that his wounds were tended. Give them decent burial certainly; they were once human beings with perhaps decent thoughts and humane sentiments. But, in the name of Common Sense, don't make ourselves hypocrites in the sight of Heaven and humbugs before the civilised world. Our only proper answer to these outrages and the makers of them is to "Give them Hell." When are we going to begin? And when we do begin, cast sentiment to the winds and bomb ruthlessly, relentlessly. We don't want Sir John Simon masquerading as a Major at the Front, giving "advice"—save the mark!—as to the "legality" of this or that act of our gallant flying men. Anything is justified where a criminal and cruel foe is to be broken and beaten. Bomb Berlin, and blast the Germans!

ITALY WILL WIN!

IN THE ITALIAN FRONT FIRING-LINE.

BY OUR SPECIAL WAR CORRESPONDENT, A. G. HALES.

I HAVE been in the front trenches on a good part of the Italian line, from a point on the Piave river on the Eastern end of the line of defence to Asiago, in the cold, bleak mountains where, the wind sweeping across the snows, it is already bitterly cold. Everywhere I have met the new patriot army of Italy. You all know how Britain leapt to life from her long slumber of prosperity and peace when the nation's leaders lifted high the fiery cross that heralded this war; so is it in Italy to-day. The enemy may force the passage of the Piave river, and may take the idolised city of Venice and plunder it of its artistic treasures; he may force the mountains and rush down upon the plains west of another famous city, and uprear his eagles on soil endeared to this proud people by a million memories—but none of those things will tame the spirit of the new army that has leapt like magic from fields and farms, cities, towns and hamlets. Of that I am sure. I entered the trenches at a point where the river narrows to a width of a hundred and fifty yards, and the waters lapped the foremost trenches of friend and foe on either bank. Soldiers, rifle in hand, watched, hawk-eyed, through sandbag loop-holes every movement of the enemy on the opposite shore. Relays of soldiers stood by bomb emplacements, ready at a moment's notice to hurl death amongst the invaders should they take their courage in their hands and try to dash across the shallow, placid stream which constitutes no real military obstacle as it runs at present—a fact the enemy is well aware of. It is not the river that causes him to pause, but the presence of the grim men by my side in the trenches. A battery on my left gives tongue—and swiftly the vengeful answer comes, in terms of iron, from the foe. A rifle snaps here and there on either side of the river. This is the time to take the measure of the new army—*now*, whilst the iron is flying. I run my eyes from face to face, and I know that all is well; there is not a craven amongst them. These men will take the steel, and give it freely too. The following day I made my way to the mountains far west of the Piave, where the Italian trenches defend the fateful Brenta Valley, which is, if I am any judge, the enemy's real objective—not Venice, as all Britain seemed to think when I left. Venice means little except a sentimental loss. The Brenta Valley is a highway to the plains behind Padova, which if won from us would mean the capture of Venice and Padova and the forced retirement of Italy's new Army. The enemy held one line of mountains; we held the other—the Brenta Valley was the prize at stake. The guns of the foe roared until the mountains, peak on peak, took up the echo like a lion's growl. The iron fell like rain; red bursts of flame, mingling with the thin coat of newly fallen snow, showed like splashes of blood upon a mantle of immaculate whiteness. Small puffs of smoke rose, spiralwise, to be absorbed in the drifting clouds. Machine-guns ripped through the shattered silence like devils spelling curses on a Christian world. Hell's carnival was loosed. The enemy was after the Brenta Valley, and after it in earnest—the German general had shown his hand to any man who had eyes to see. But the men of Italy stood firm and fast. Neither death nor wounds could shake this line; enemy infantry surged forward, but their burnished bayonets had no terror for Italia's sons. We hurled the enemy back. They came again, and once again their shattered ranks reeled back broken and beaten—and the dead men lay to fatten the soil they had come to ravage and destroy.

Candid Communications.

This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties, and, occasionally, Nonentities.

To His Majesty King George V.

SIR,—Ever since the war was young, the pumpuritans have been screaming that the rum ration was ruining our troops at the Front physically, mentally and morally, and making us lose the war. Now they find you and the Queen and Princess Mary not only watching "the process of filling jars and kegs with rum for the men in the trenches," but yourself declaring to those about you, "I know those trenches and understand how the rum ration must be appreciated." Tommy will laugh till he cries to see you up and at 'em, but I don't think the panegyrists of the pump will feel happy about it at all. Sir, you have landed one right home on the solar plexus. JOHN BULL.

To the Chairman, Dorset County War Pensions Committee.

DEAR CHAIRMAN,—I see that the aggregate salaries of your staff have been raised at a bound from £578 to £807 per annum. On the other hand, I am told that, when asked to pay a doctor's bill for a soldier's wife whose young baby was dangerously ill, you could not find the money, while in another deserving case—a matter of a railway fare and a suit of clothes—you also declined to assist, presumably on the score of lack of funds. There may, of course, have been other reasons for your decisions, but, as at present advised, I am not satisfied.
JOHN BULL.

To Police-Sergeant Lewis, Paignton, Devon.

DEAR SERGEANT,—I notice you have been busy. You were the principal witness against a small boy charged at the Paignton Police Court with the theft of a turnip, valued at a penny. Your smart and efficient handling of the case was a model to all those engaged in the detection of crime. Yet, as far as I can see, you do not appear to have received a word of thanks or commendation from the Bench. This is, therefore, to suggest that you go out at once and buy yourself a biscuit. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. Joseph Powell, Garibaldi Boarding House, Great Yarmouth.

SIR,—Though you are reputed one of the richest men in the town—they do say you openly boast of being worth £70,000, but I know nothing of that—the legal evidence is ample that you are a mean and wicked old sinner. With all your wealth, with all your opportunities of fattening yourself up like a prize hog or a Christmas bullock at your own expense, you have brought your conscience to the level of sneaking into the Army ration store in your place, where soldiers are billeted, and stealing chunks of meat to stuff your ungodly belly; in other words, to purloin Tommy's dinner to provide a nothing-to-pay one for yourself. They fined you £20 or two months, the Magistrates did, and though £20 seems a lot to pay for the two-pound steak they caught you with, I think most people in Yarmouth and elsewhere will say you deserve it, even if you do not do the two months—and do it on skilly. JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Sir George Cave, Home Secretary.

DEAR SIR GEORGE,—Knowing your sound instinct for justice, I venture to call your attention to a distressing anomaly that has sprung up in the administration of the criminal law. Two concrete instances may make my meaning clear. At the Manchester Assizes a soldier, found guilty of killing an unfaithful wife, was convicted of manslaughter and awarded five years' penal servitude. Meanwhile at the York Assizes, in an almost exactly similar case, the accused being again a soldier, a verdict of wilful murder was returned, and sentence of death imposed. I am strongly of opinion that steps should at once be taken to prevent such gross disparities of justice. The means are for you to consider.
JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Earl Derby, War Secretary.

MY LORD,—Are you aware that it is proposed to turn the Worthing Toy Factory into a hostel for German prisoners? It is a large and pleasant house, with a lawn and a small meadow between it and the sea. Not quite the place for a prison camp, is it? Nor is it quite the game to turn out the women and girls who get work in this large and prosperous concern to make way for our enemies. Please see that your officials don't make this ghastly blunder. I am sure you will lose no time in inquiring into the matter. JOHN BULL.

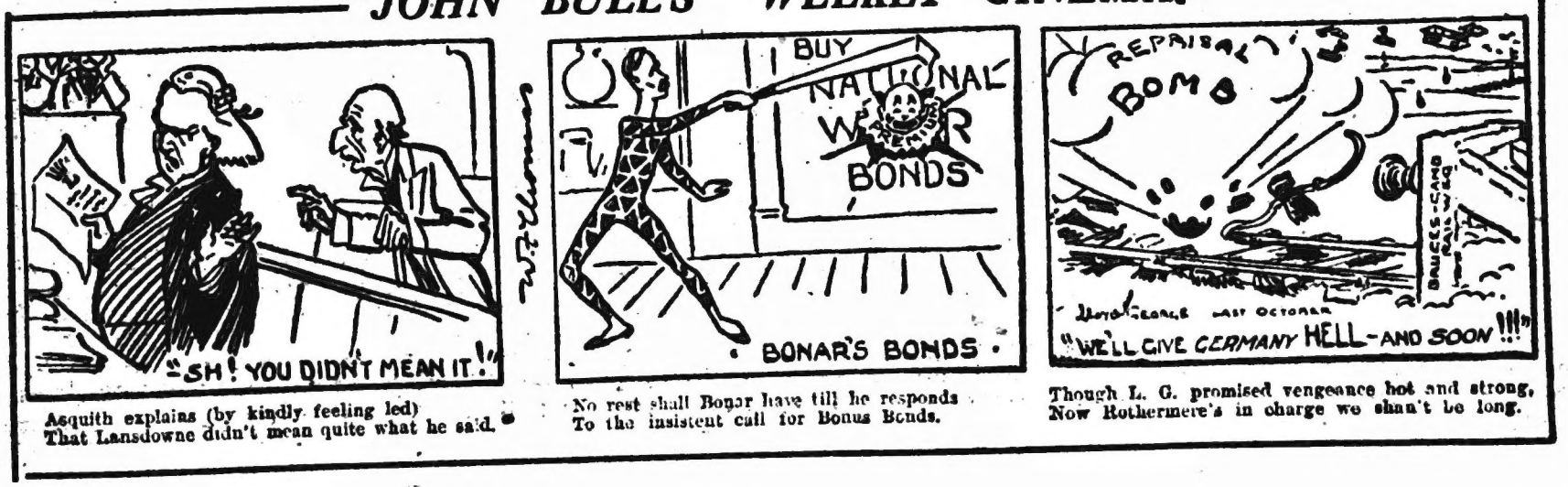
To Mr. Appenrodt.

SIR,—I am aware that you are naturalised, and that you have naturalised your sausages. Don't you think you should naturalise your beer? Why still advertise at your Piccadilly Branch "Munich and Pilsen Lager Beers"? Probably it isn't true, because the beer doesn't come from Germany and Austria now. But we don't like to be reminded where the beer and you used to belong. JOHN BULL.

To J. G. Angus, Esq., Chairman of the Gateshead Magistrates.

DEAR SIR,—When you condemned John Igo, of the N.F., to seven months' imprisonment for being drunk and disorderly and assaulting the police you knew he had served three years and three months in the Army, had been for nineteen months at the Front, and has been put back into home service (B2, fatigue duty) with a broken arm, a bullet through him, and a fractured foot. But did you know that he was one of seven sons who (with their sister's husband) went out to fight as volunteers? Did you know that the widowed mother has received the congratulations of the King? Did you know that the widow largely depended on this man for support (one of her sons had died in battle) and that she may have to go into the workhouse? Did you pay attention to the man's tale, and did you hear the contention that the police provoked him? On the whole, don't you think that the sentence—and to be afterwards handed over to the military to be dealt with as an absentee—is grossly excessive?
JOHN BULL.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.



Asquith explains (by kindly feeling led)
That Lansdowne didn't mean quite what he said.

No rest shall Bonar have till he responds
To the insistent call for Bonus Bonds.

Though L. G. promised vengeance hot and strong,
Now Rothermere's in charge we shan't be long.

WHERE DO

Stop Fooling Us!—Why Haig

By THE

WHERE *do* we stand? I ask the question because I realise the national demand for an answer—an answer which will sweep away all mystery and doubt. Don't let us start the New Year with any more of that muddle of words and phrases which has done so much harm because it has given strength to the doubters and enabled the mean and miserable pacifist to hold up his head with a confidence born of all this confusion and conflict of tongues. Speeches are all very well; the solemnity of Mr. Asquith, the fire of Mr. Lloyd George, make capital after-dinner entertainment. But the time for mere talk is past. We are on the threshold of 1918—and while we are asked to strip ourselves barer, to make further and possibly greater sacrifices, we are still fobbed off with politicians' rhetoric when we ask for the bread of statesmanship. If I had my way, I would scrap the War Aims Committee and institute a War *Terms* Committee. I would cease all the talk about never sheathing the sword and the rights of small nations, and I would tell the enemy here and now, bluntly to his arrogant and treacherous face, what we really mean—what is actually behind fine phrases and glowing periods. I would state the terms of peace—if not in detail, at least in their broad and dominating lines.

Tell the Terms.

What is the difficulty? We are determined to win the war; we know that we can and must beat Germany if all we have sacrificed is not to become a mere wasteful river of blood, flowing to the dark insatiable ocean of death. Then let us be bold in the Council Chamber, as our men are bold on the battlefield, and tell the foe the only terms, the irreducible minimum which will satisfy the fighting Allies. Belgium, Alsace-Lorraine, the conquered German colonies, the High Seas Fleet still lurking in the Kiel Canal, the Balkan States which have been overrun by a cruel foe, the dream of the Bagdad railway, the Turkish hold on Constantinople, the hopes of the German in the Middle East—all these are subjects on which we could make crushing and conclusive pronouncements. And we could state in exact language what we mean when we talk about "No peace with the Hohenzollern"—when we affirm our determination to "crush Prussian militarism." Victory has been in our grasp—no one realises that better than the gallant soldier who planned so splendidly, and schemed so confidently, for a decision in the West which would have given the Christmas bells a new sound of joyousness. "The collapse of Russia and the temporary defeat of Italy" have set back the clock of triumph. That decision in the West would have reached finality before the Old Year had run its course if only the soldier had been able to fight at his full strength. But just when the Russian *débâcle*—a calamity never foreseen by the politicians, although it was as plain as your nose to the ordinary man—enabled the Germans to concentrate in new masses before British troops on the West, thousands of our own soldiers and those of our French Allies were sent to Italy! Don't blame the soldier for this. He is only obeying orders—the orders of the politician. Did you notice what Mr. Bonar Law said the other day—he would not be a member of the War Cabinet "if the view was that I was not to have the right of revision in any form, but was to do exactly what we were told by the soldiers . . . we must be satisfied that the plans are wise before we give our assent to their execution"? That is a dangerous attitude—how dangerous has been shown again and again whenever the politician interferes with the work of the soldier.

A Sudden Transformation.

Where *do* we stand? A month ago we were all celebrating what we were told was a great victory in Artois—the smashing of the Hindenburg line in what but a few days before had been described as the "Impenetrable West"—smashing through on a front of ten miles, with an advance of four to five miles. We had routed German forces and captured thousands of prisoners. Joy-bells were rung, with the approval of the Government; the House of Commons cheered the news of what Mr. Bonar Law described as "undoubtedly a very great success," the King sent a message of congratulation to Haig and Byng on a victory the news of which had been received with "the utmost satisfaction throughout the Empire." Then suddenly all is changed. A set-back (the mystery of which is to be unravelled by an inquiry instituted by the Government) followed that great and spectacular defeat of the enemy, and at once the politician, if he does not sneer at what was achieved, damns it with faint praise, belittles the achievement and expresses something little short of contempt for the public and Imperial enthusiasm it evoked. Again I ask, Where *do* we stand? The Prime Minister pours contempt on those who "some weeks ago were organising an hysterical shout over our victories in Flanders and at Cambrai—we were breaking through the enemy's barriers; we were rolling up the German Armies." Well, who told us? Why, the heavily censored correspondents at the back of the Front—those pen-pushers in manacles who write only what the authorities want written, and what they learn from G.H.Q. The Army knew what it had done, and the correspondents merely reported their achievements.

Bonar's Bunkum.

And not only does the Prime Minister chide us. A member of his War Cabinet—Lord Curzon—now tells us we should never have rung those joy-bells. And Mr. Bonar Law—who assured the House of Commons that the Cabinet would send a resolution of congratulation to Haig and Byng, although "no resolution was needed to assure them of the admiration with which their achievements were regarded in this country"—is also among the killjoys. Who is fooling us? Where do we stand? Those Parliamentary cheers, it seems, were a miserable mistake; those Royal congratulations misplaced; Haig's claim to victory ill-advised. Surely that is the only meaning of such remarks as these from Mr. Bonar Law: "It was my duty to read the first announcement in this House, and I can assure you

WE STAND?

Silent—Cut the Cackle, George!

EDITOR.

that when I heard the loud cheers with which it was received, I was tempted on the spot to get up and say that this was nothing like a 'break through'; that it was not intended to be a 'break through,' and that it was simply an operation that stood more or less by itself. . . . I realised most strongly that the very exaggerated hopes which were aroused by that extremely great success would in the end do harm when it was found that it would not lead to a decisive result." Why did it *not* lead to a decisive result? Haig is silent—splendidly, significantly silent. That great victory stands, whoever "organised an hysterical shout over it," and no amount of depreciation by men who for a reason which will be revealed very soon—and much sooner than some of them think—will rob the English, Scottish, Irish and Welsh battalions, the West Riding troops, the East County men, the Highland Territorial battalions, the West Lancashire Territorials, to whom Haig paid such worthy tribute in that first and wonderful despatch, of a great victory. I wonder whether Haig agrees with that prince of strategists, Mr. Bonar Law—who must always be satisfied that military "plans are wise" before he gives his "assent to their execution"—that what happened before Cambrai was "nothing like a 'break through,'" and that it was "not intended to be a 'break through'"—that it was "simply an operation which stood more or less by itself." I should like to hear Haig's comment on that speech—but he prefers to remain silent, and I admire him for it. Let me quote you his own despatch: "Our troops have broken into the enemy's positions to a depth of between four and five miles on a wide front, and have captured several thousands of prisoners. Our infantry and tanks pressed on in accordance with programme and captured the German second system of defence more than a mile beyond. This latter is known as *the Hindenburg support line.*" Well, Haig says his troops "have broken" into "the Hindenburg line," and I have always understood that "broken" is the past tense of the verb to "break." Whom do you believe—the soldier or the politician? Need I ask you? Who is fooling us?

A Few Questions.

Really I have a right to ask: "Who is fooling us?" in another matter. Have we, or have we not, scotched the submarine menace? Someone is lying, and this is more than ever the time for the truth. You remember the Prime Minister, when he had his back to the wall over the Paris speech of unadulterated pessimism, told us that he had no "further fear" of the submarine, and—I won't say "organised an hysterical shout"—but made everyone very happy by announcing five as a single day's bag of U-boats. And here let me say that how that bag was filled will make pretty telling some day. But while the Prime Minister assures us that the submarine danger is over, the First Lord of the Admiralty won't go a bit further than to concede that the menace is "held but not mastered." Moreover, in his view, "our shipbuilding is not replacing our losses." But no sooner has he made those statements than someone in "well-informed quarters," with the approval of the Censor, issues a statement almost flatly contradicting the First Lord—and once more we are assured that the submarine menace has reached its worst stage. Who is responsible for this persistent fooling of the people? We ask for the truth—and we get, if not lies, that prevarication which is very near the real thing. How can the Prime Minister expect the nation to maintain that "steadiness and sanity of outlook" for which he pleaded in his Gray's Inn speech if we are befooled and deceived by contradictions and misstatements of matters of the most vital importance—and by muddling and indecision? I don't want to sound any note of discord at this season of the year, or in this stage of the war, but I *do* want to know just where we are. I want to know whether the Sailor and the Soldier and the Politician are really working together, or whether there is any friction between them. Did Haig, for instance, acquiesce in the withdrawal of those Divisions from the Western Front? Did he warn the Government that such a step would compel him to retire on the Cambrai salient? Is Japan doing *her* utmost to counteract the Russian collapse? Are the War Cabinet at one in policy? And, finally, *what are the British terms of Peace?*

Why Haig is Silent.

Well, Christmas is upon us. Do I withdraw anything I have ever said after my visit to the Western Front? Not a word! Although, when I first wrote of the prospect of peace by Christmas, everybody—especially Ministers—either ridiculed or ignored—not my prophecy, but my report. What are they saying now? First, Mr. Churchill says that, but for Russia, the autumn might have seen the end; and now even the Prime Minister, who, a few months ago—even whilst regarding the Russian revolution as a good thing for the Allies—could see "no signs of peace in the distance"—tells us that "had Russia been in a position to exert her strength this year we might *now* be in a position to impose fair and rational terms of peace." But, as I have said, mark the silence of Haig. If only he could speak! I am wondering whether—having asserted their "right of revision" of military strategy, and, in doing so, having compelled the Commander-in-Chief to mark time in the West till America is ready, and thus nullified the Cambrai victory—the Westminster wiseacres may not be conspiring together to belittle that achievement, and thus save themselves from further trouble. But, with it all, there is a tone of greater confidence in the last pronouncement of the Premier: "No half-way house between Victory and Peace." That's the way he should always have spoken! And he tells us, too, of Germany's internal plight. There will be no Christmas trees there. Santa Claus is dead. So don't let us worry. America is nearly ready—when she puts her full strength into the struggle the end, as the Germans know, cannot be long delayed—and, in more senses than one, Haig will soon "speak" again!

FILTHY AND VERMINOUS TRANSPORTS.

BUT BETTER CONDITIONS NOW IN INDIAN TROOP TRAINS.

Writing from Cherát, Peshawar, a soldier correspondent describes (in a letter forwarded to us) his train ride from Bombay in these words: "Thanks to JOHN BULL, we had a very comfortable journey, the Government having built a new kind of train since that train scandal at Karachi. The coaches are divided into eleven compartments by a skeleton partition to allow the free passage of air; each compartment has two folding shelves on each side which, when let down, make, with the seat, three beds each side, six men being allotted to each compartment. In addition, we had two bottles of soda-water per man per day, and twice a day we had a block of ice placed in each compartment to keep us cool—and we needed it." But there is something else in the letter, corroborating all we have written concerning the filthy condition of some of the transports from Durban, a condition which in the case of the *Empress of Britain* we hear by the latest mail from South Africa is still permitted to exist. Here is the description of the conditions on the *Caronia*, the transport already exposed in our columns: "The voyage from Durban to Bombay was the worst part of the whole journey. We came on the s.s. *Caronia*, of the Cunard Line, the filthiest, dirtiest, and lousiest ship I ever saw. The food was bad, the meat stinking and rancid, and the stew often contained maggots; the bread was sour, and we often found vermin baked in it; the margarine was uneatable. The bugs at night were awful to contend with—not in ones but in twenties and fifties, running races all over your body." In regard to the *Empress of Britain*, we have received many letters from India thanking us for directing attention to the scandal, and giving further details of the disgusting and fatal conditions—in more than one instance declaring that we understated the death roll from inoculation. But, according to a Durban correspondent, the authorities are showing a wilfully callous disregard of our exposure and condemnation. He writes: "If on that voyage there was gross blundering and criminal carelessness, in the subsequent voyage of the *Empress of Britain* the conditions of the transport were not a jot better. On the return from Bombay she lay in harbour here the full ten days, and during all that time no effort whatever was made to cleanse and disinfect the vessel. It is public knowledge that in broad daylight the bulkheads were seen to be alive with vermin, actually dropping on to the mess-tables while the men were having their meals." Can imagination picture what the hours of darkness would be like?

BULLYING BAGMEN.

LONDON TALLYMEN'S DISGRACEFUL THREATS.

It is necessary to read a brief lesson in manners to the London and Provincial Stores, Limited, a firm of back-door touts and tallymen, with offices at 10, Station Road, Finsbury Park, N. By some means or other, the Provincial Stores got on their books the name of a young lady "care of" a gentleman residing at Waterford, and as the fair customer's account was apparently in arrears, they proceeded to dun her. At first their communications were of a mild and harmless complexion, but, finally, failing to obtain any response—as a matter of fact, the Waterford gentleman denies all knowledge of the lady customer—they resorted to intimidatory methods, of which the following letter is an unpleasant sample:—

> We have made repeated application to you for payment or the return of the goods (unsoiled) which you obtained from us "on approval," without so far receiving any reply to our letters. We have therefore decided to give you this last opportunity to clear the matter up, but in the event of your failing to do so, within the next three days, we shall forward your letters, etc. (making application to us for the goods) to the authorities in your district, that you may be proceeded against, and so prevent you from repeating these tricks upon other traders.

We need hardly say that this form of threat is as hollow as it is certainly disgraceful. The only remedy for the Provincial Stores in such a case is by civil action in the County Court, the suggestion of an appeal to "the authorities"—a veiled threat of police action—being merely included to frighten ignorant people into compliance with their demands. Apparently, the London and Provincial Stores, Limited, are endeavouring to revive a quasi-legal form of intimidation, which under our repeated criticism had fallen into disuse.

CHRISTMAS RARE FOR CONCHIES.

AMAZING ORDER FROM PRINCETOWN WORK CENTRE.

Even if the Conchies are to be voteless, there are compensations—as the following copy of a recent letter will show, the original being dated from the Work Centre for Conscientious Objectors, His Majesty's Prison, Princetown, Dartmoor, and addressed to a firm of wholesale grocers at Plymouth.

> We shall be glad if you will kindly let us know whether you can supply us with all or any of the following articles, and at what price—price to cover cost of carriage:—350 lbs. of raisins, 250 lbs. of currants, 200 lbs. of sultanas, 500 lbs. of dates.

It seems to promise the Objects a far better Christmas dinner than they deserve—if, indeed, it does not represent a wanton waste of public money. It is monstrous that it should be thought necessary to regale these pampered shirkers with Christmas delicacies which in too many cases, we fear, will be denied to the wives and children of our fighting men. We suggest that the ration should be coupled with a forcible reminder that its ingredients have been purchased by the blood and sweat of British sailors. It seems to be particularly in the West that worthless creatures are pampered—it will be well within our readers' recollection that we have already exposed a case of supplying Christmas luxuries to Hun prisoners confined at Bishop-Lydeard, near Bridgwater.

AN AMATEUR FISHMONGER.

"EVIL WROUGHT BY WANT OF THOUGHT."

Mr. C. W. W. Burge, of Teddington, Middlesex, a local District Councillor, seems to find time hanging heavy on his hands, so he has gone into the fishmongering line. He secures from Hull consignments of a cheap class of fish, being pickled-herring-kippers, and having premises for his use at the Recruiting Office free of rent, rates, taxes and labour, he is able to sell his kippers at 3½d. per pair, as against the trade rate of 7d. for first-class kippers, which cost genuine fishmongers 6d. per pair and expenses. The most disconcerting feature is that Mr. Burge's free premises are almost exactly opposite the old-established fish-shop of a man who has gone into the Army, and whose wife is trying very hard to keep the home together. She is able to open her business only on days when she can procure cheap fish, but she was managing somehow, bravely, when faced by this unexpected form of opposition. It is true that Mr. Burge gives his profits to a local hospital, but his first consignment, 12 stone, resulted in the addition of only 24s. to the funds. We have to suggest that persistence in such efforts is unworthy when it threatens to ruin the affairs of the wife and family of a man absent at his country's call.

OFFICIAL AND SOLDIER'S WIFE.

A SLAP IN THE FACE FOR THE WHOLE OF THE ARMY.

The other day Mrs. Leigh, who had made application for assistance, was summoned before the dread Commissioners of Civil Liabilities—the cheerful address of these potentates being "Justiciary Buildings, Jail Square." After waiting 1¼ hours, Mr. Ross, one of the Commissioners, signified that he would see her. Then the inquisition started. "Have you any children?" "No!" "Are you pregnant?" "No!" "Do you expect any children?" "No!" Just imagine the scene, you soldiers! Just imagine what your wives have to stand from these bullies! Then Ross asked, in an impertinent tone, if she was working. She said she wasn't. She didn't get married in order to work, and she asked Ross if *his* wife was working. Whereupon the brute struck her. Mrs. Leigh said it was the dearest blow he had ever struck, and we hope it will prove so, though she was awarded only £20 damages, and expenses, in the Small Debts Court. For you will understand that not only was one soldier's wife insulted and outraged, *but all soldiers' wives and all soldiers.* For Ross meant that to compare a soldier's wife with his wife was an insult—to the civilian. Are we going to stand that? Are we going to have such a man adjudicating upon the claims of women whose men are fighting for us? Are we going to leave them to the impudent inquisition of a creature who regards them as dirt because they are soldiers' wives? Or are we going to trounce him out of his job?

JOHN'S XMAS TREE.

To entertain the girls and boys
John hangs upon the tree the toys;

There'll be some Xmas fun and glee
When they're all dangling on the tree!

IN THE NAME OF DECENCY.

FACTS ABOUT A GRAVE MUNICIPAL SCANDAL.

The town of Grantham, which has experienced a great influx of population since the war, including large numbers of troops, is rapidly earning for itself an unenviable reputation, and we strongly suggest that the time has come when the police and military authorities should combine to put an end to the scandals which are rife. We have no space to catalogue the abuses which have been brought to our notice, involving almost every department of local administration, but a brief general survey may serve as an index to the scandalous condition of affairs. One of the worst features is the utter apathy of the local authorities in regard to the evil of prostitution, open and unashamed, and the kindred problem of venereal disease. This is not a matter upon which we are prone to extreme views, but we are bound to say that the state of affairs existing at Grantham, as proved by our own careful investigations, is revolting in the extreme, and reflects the gravest discredit upon the police authorities, military and civil, between whom there appears to be no effective co-operation. Meanwhile, offences against decency are of common occurrence, the "red caps" and civil police being equally lax in the exercise of their powers of arrest and restraint. Apart from police matters, the insanitary conditions obtaining in some parts of the town are abominable, the commonest means of sanitation and cleanliness being in many cases absent. Affairs within the purview of the Poor Law authorities are in no better state, while housing conditions in some of the poorer areas are positively barbarous in their utter antagonism to every requirement of health and comfort, to say nothing of the moral considerations inevitably arising. However, we may inform the Grantham authorities that our investigation of these matters has been systematic and searching, and, failing an early promise of improvement, we must see what fuller publicity will do towards recalling them to a sense of their neglected public duty.

WOMEN WORKERS IN FRANCE.

SOME OF THEIR WORRIES AND ANNOYANCES.

Some of the members of the Women's Army in France have their little complaints to make and grievances to air—a great pity, because conditions, more or less chaotic at first, should have settled down by now. The strongest dissatisfaction is aroused because of the distinction between two classes of workers—the Clerks and the "Householders," or Domestics. These Domestics went out willingly to wait upon soldiers; they complain at being expected to wait upon the women Clerks. The Clerks are paid more, and when on leave are granted rations money; but Domestics, when given leave, must take it without rations allowance—so many a girl is deterred from what would be a welcome holiday, because she cannot afford it. Then there is the matter of uniform. It is provided free, but there is not enough of it. Mackintoshes are not procurable, while mufflers and gloves of any colour but khaki must not be worn. It seems absurd to prevent a girl from wearing her own muffler buttoned under her coat and unseen. One young woman received a cap when joining, but she has had to buy five others, and the same fact applies to stockings. The doctoring needs better handling. If a girl is ill, the inflexible rule is that she must get up, whatever her temperature or condition, and visit the Medical Officer, at some distance. The rules as to saluting and heel-clicking are preposterously strict, the girls being obliged to kow-tow to all regular officers as well as their own superiors. Some of these are like Germans for discipline, one lady Commander being alleged to address her soldier-girls as "swine" and "camp followers." The pay of Domestics is nominally £26 yearly, but 1s. weekly is deducted for laundry; the Clerks get laundry free. These little worries, and others, certainly leave room for improvement, and that could easily be achieved by some sympathetic and understanding soul who would go among the girls and learn at first-hand what is hurtful and irksome.

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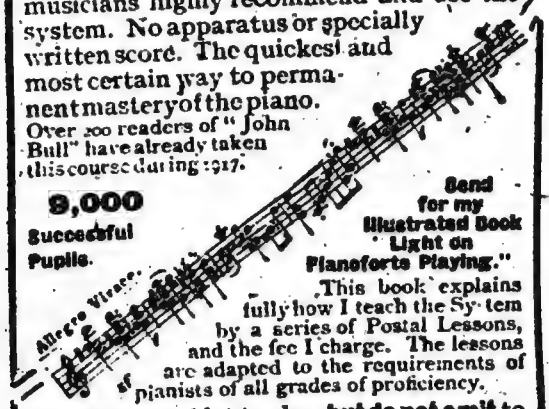

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IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

THE OLD YEAR.

Good evenin', sir. No need to arsk wot *you* want. You look as if you 'adn't 'ad a trim or a shave for a twelve-month. Don't put the scythe so as enny-body'll cut their corns with it as they come in. I kin do orl the corn-cuttin' required in this establishment meself, thank you. . . . Shove yer *hour*-glarss on that chair be'ind the dore. . . . *Must keep yer eye on it*, must yer? W'y, you've got pritty near a forfnight to go yet, ain't yer? . . . Oh, the sands *is* runnin' low, I grawnt yer. Well, bung it down alongside the basin then, w'ere you kin watch it. Keep on tricklin' through, don't they? Makes yer think a bit, don't it? But you wouldn't ketch *me* carryin' a bloomin' egg-boiler about with *me*. You kin think too much about the flight o' time, I reckon. You kin think so much about it thet you ain't got time to think o' nothink else, an' then you wake up an' find yer-self dead before you've 'ad time to realise you're alive. The world wouldn't git nuthink done if it went on like thet. . . . Well, I never expected to see *you* in my shop. Mister Nineteen-Seven-teen. And now you *are* 'ere I ain't shore as I shell do anythink for yer. Ter tell yer the truth, I don't think much of yer. There's bin a bit too much o' the bloomin' pro-German about chew since you took orfice, so ter speak. . . . Oh, *you've bin strickly nootral*, 'ave yer? I *don't* think! 'Ow about Russia crackin' up an' givin' the 'Uns the chawnce to invade Italy? W'y, you've bin nuthink but a bloomin' Bolo from fust to larst! Look at the weather you've 'anded out on the Western Front! Enny one would think you'd 'ad yore knife in 'Aig. Every time 'e's started a push you've turned narsty an' messed up 'is plans with dirty weather! . . . Oh, I know you've giv' us the larst Germany colony, *an'* Jeroosalem, but they won't end the woro. It's gotter end in Frawnce an' Flanders, an' thet's w'ere you've messed things up from the first. You ain't no more nootral then my dorg is w'en 'e sees a couple o' cats fightin' . . . . . No, I sharn't shave yer and I sharn't cut yer 'air. You kin take yore ole reapin' 'ook and eggboiler to one o' them alien barbers wot fleeces our Colonial troops w'en they're on leaf in London. 'Sides, I don't see w'y I should 'elp to make you look respectable. You *ain't* respect-able, to start with. You've gotter bad name amongst the Allies, and I don't s'pose you'll ever live it down. You 'aven't got much time to do it, even if you wanted to. Look 'ow the sands is runnin' down. Come on, git 'old of yer gardenin' tools and 'op it, before I fergit the respeck due to grey 'airs. . . . *Regret it*, shell I? Not me! I don't think there'll be many wot'll regret old Nineteen-Seventeen, unless they're 'Uns. I reckon you've bin their 'igh-water mark year. So get out from 'ere and find a German-Swiss to put a better face on yer. . . . 'E's gorn, then. Missus! See thet old bloke wot went out jes' now with a scythe on 'is shoulder and a bloomin' big egg-boiler in 'is 'and? . . . 'Oo must 'ave bin dreamin'? . . . Well, mind the shop fur five minutes. I'm jest goin' to slip round to see if it's a fack we're to 'ave beer rations.

PITY THE POOR EDITOR!

SOME MORE GEMS FROM OUR LETTER-BAG.

"You should see what they have got down at home disguised as me. At the start I would have married into Society, but not now."

"Get all the ammunition girls and men making body shields, and arm and leg shields, for our soldiers, and then a charge all along the line will win the war. Don't let the Germans get to hear of it, or they will be on the same game."

"I took a horse out to graze to-day. It had a place on its head. I brushed it up and it soon started to run. If I touch anything it smartens it up, so I hope you will let me go round and do some good—but I want some tin."

"I am a good tec. or scientist, but I can't get a chance to do some good beat owing to the doctors. Will you give me a chance? I'm well worth it."

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"NORTH WALES CHRONICLE" (advertise-ment):—
"All persons who have not received Sugar Cards . . , NEW-BORN INFANTS, etc., should make application at once to the Post Office for a form of application for individual registration."

"EDINBURGH EVENING NEWS" (advertise-ment):—
"Two dark grey overcoats, AGE ABOUT 20; also boy's rainproof, AGE ABOUT 16."

"GLOBE":—
"THE BELLS WERE STILL SILENT when the man . . . led off with the first bar of 'God Save the King,' the crowd joining in with such fervour that the SOUND OF THE BELLS WAS BARELY HEARD."

"BYSTANDER ANNUAL":—
"Merryweather's one UNOPENED eye CLOSED."

"ISLE OF WIGHT CHRONICLE":—
"Can the Sandown Council do anything to help those who have NO ALLOTMENT LAND and DESIRE TO CULTIVATE IT?"

OPERA HOUSE, WINTER GARDENS, BLACK-POOL (handbill):—
"FOR ADULTS ONLY. ——— Company in "Ghosts." . . . CHILDREN HALF-PRICE TO ALL PARTS EXCEPT GALLERY."

"CHESHIRE OBSERVER" (advertisement):—
"BED and SITTING-ROOM WANTED, with board, for single gentleman, AWAY MID-WEEKS AND WEEK-ENDS."

TOMMY AND JACK.

OUR PLEDGE: "No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean housepairing, shall go unchallenged and unremedied."—HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, *19th August*, 1916.

Somewhat Thick.

The O. C. of the Royal Engineers at Cornwall Camp, Codford, might ease up a bit. There is no reason why his men should be compelled to surrender the usual Saturday afternoon rest. As a matter of fact, there is really a shortness of necessary work in the place.

"Medicine and Duty."

Here is a very sad instance of criminal apathy or negligence on the part of the Army Medical authorities. A private of the East Surrey Regiment reported sick, and was ordered "medicine and duty" by a mechanical M.O. unpossessed of either heart or brains. The man got his physic and "carried on." Now he is dead—from an abscess on the brain, a disease which should have been promptly detected and dealt with.

Another Miscalculation.

This is from the R.G.A. camp at Ripon: A man "went sick" and could hardly walk. He was sent back to his hut, with the Medical Officer's remark that he was "swinging the lead." The next day he had to be carried to the doctor, was placed in hospital, and died. What has the Army Council to say to such cases as these?

Ghosts and Realities.

When will the Pensions Minister give up touring the country at the tax-payers' expense, letting off hot air concerning the things that will be done for the soldier after the war, and devote his time to putting his Department in order? Frankly, it is the rottenest Department under the Crown, and while we give him credit for honesty when he states that his "heart aches" at the number of complaints made, we think that were his energies more wisely directed, thousands of pensioners would not be left without their money, practically starving.

Then and Now.

Before the war we had professional officers, who at courts-martial were anxious, and able, to be scrupulously fair to the men brought before them. Things are changed now, however. Very few of our "temporary officers and gentlemen" know anything about military law, and seem to enter the court determined to inflict the harshest sentences on all brought before them. But when peace comes the present "under-dog" in uniform will have his "day," and there will be vast changes.

Hardening Them!

In going around various camps we regret to see the large number of men still under canvas, instead of being billeted. It is bad enough to have to live in a tent in fiendish weather, without having to turn out in night garments when it is raining and blowing, to re-erect the crazy shelter — subsequently lying, wet and shivering, until the reveille bugle sounds to call the men to morning duties. However, according to official statements, "everything in the garden is lovely," and they are doing their best for the men.

Perfect—Perhaps.

We are told that the system for tracing wounded men is the most perfect in the world, but venture to doubt the sweeping assertion. A man is wounded at the Front, sent to a clearing station, and afterwards into hospital. His name, regiment, and number are known, and around his neck is his identity disc; yet in numerous cases, when friends on this side ask where their dear one is, they get the bald official reply, "In hospital; location unknown." It would too frequently seem that, the poor devil having been knocked out, until he is fit to go to the lines again no official cares a damn about him.

Please Investigate.

Whoever is in command of the R.F.C. at Milton, Berks, might get more in touch with his unit, and investigate the numerous and very serious complaints that we receive weekly. We hope that we have said enough to induce a better state of things.

Jack's Petition.

We trust that the humble petition sent to the King by the men of Class B, Royal Fleet Reservists, will meet with recognition and success. The sailors are placed at a great disadvantage, in regard to the Good Conduct Medal, gratuity, and pension, compared with Class A on the same service. As the Admiralty is adamant, possibly His Majesty, who is a good sailor himself, will have the matter seen into.

Inhuman!

We want somebody to look after the poor devils who are torpedoed, cast adrift on the sea, and picked up. It galls us to hear of our men being brought ashore—sometimes with little more than their underclothing on—and treated as nobody's children. Those are lucky who are given a railway pass home, hundreds of miles away, even though left without a cent to buy meat or drink *en route*. This, it is necessary to emphasise, is not a story told against us by the Huns, but is a bald narrative of the treatment meted out to brave men who have risked their lives for us.

Dives and Lazarus.

We have before us the menus of the Officers' Mess and Sergeants' Mess respectively of H.M.T. *Orontes*, on a recent voyage. The Belshazzar-like feast enjoyed by the officers would cause Lord Rhondda's hair to stand on end, and has made our teeth water. The "backbone of the Army" were fed like workhouse inmates. This is a sample of the officers' tuck-in:—Luncheon: *Potage fermière*; mayonnaise of salmon; Devonshire pie, Poona curry, baked beans; iced fruit, rice, milk pudding. From the grill—to order: Point steak. Cheese. Cold sideboard: York ham, roast ribs of beef, roulade of lamb. Salad. Coffee.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

(Registered under the Act of 1915 as "The John Bull War Sufferers' Fund.")

This Fund affords immediate relief to the dependants of soldiers and sailors stranded for want of money. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses.

Some Typical Cases.

In addition to numerous others, we relieved the following during the week:—

Naval man's two children ill; mother in delicate health.

Discharged man unable to earn; threatened with eviction by landlord.

Soldier's four children; mother ill; little food, and no fire.

The Cry of the Children.

A South African hero in hospital; six little children at home in a state of destitution.

A mother ill with rheumatic fever; two youngsters in rags, and almost foodless.

Three children of a Blue-jacket under the doctor's care; no money for extra expenses.

A soldier's two children seriously ill; the mother without means to provide necessary nourishment.

These Pitiful Pensions.

A discharged soldier, knocked off work by serious illness; pension 13s. 9d. a week.

Another discharged man pensioned with 4s. 8d. a week—his only income; ill also.

A soldier's widow; totally blind and crippled; pension 2s. 6d. a week; only support a young son.

Flotsam and Jetsam.

A soldier's wife; four young children; pledged wedding-ring to purchase coals and necessary milk for the youngsters.

Widow's only son called to the army; was in debt to landlady, and had nothing to eat.

Five sons given to the Service—two killed, one gassed and discharged, and fourth is in hospital; father in bed, and has a total income of 2s. a week from National Insurance.

Nearly a score of soldiers' wives, threatened with the street by heartless landlords.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

B. J. H., 1s.; F. G., 1s.; "Medico," 2s.; "Doll," 1s. 3d.; Anon., 1s.; O. W. S. (Bedford), 6d.; S. E. R. (Devon), 2s. 6d.; Anon (Dublin), 6d.; H. R. (Cheshire), £5; Mrs. S. L. (U.S.A.), 1 dollar; Anon, 1s.; J. O. (Boston), 2s. 6d.; "A Boy," 1s.; "A Sailor's Wife," 1s. 6d.; C. M., 6d.; F. T. (Walthamstow), 3s.; L. M. A. (Dublin), 1s.; A. C. H., 2s. 6d.; Mrs. S. L. (2nd Contribution), 1 dollar; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; Anti-Swearing Club, H.M.S. *Concord*, 2s. 6d.; M. B. J. (Sunderland), 14s. 6d.; "The Idiot," 5s.; L. F. B., 3d.; J. W. C. M. (Southampton), £1; "Jeff," 5s.; A. T. H. (Ilford), 3s.; "In memory of Bruce," 2s. 6d.; "Little Johnnie," 8s.; "Sailor's Wife" (Beckenham), 2s. 6d.; J. H. B. (Bham), 1s.; "Sudla Semaj," 1s.; W. M. P., 4s. 9d.; A. T. L. (Devonport), 2s. 4d.; M. S., 1s.; W. J. B., 2d.; A. W., 6d.; E. S., 1s. 6d.; H. F., 1s. 6d.; C. Y., 1s.; "A Brixton Widow's Mite," 1s. 6d.; "A Mother who has her Only Son at the Front," £1; C. B. (Cardiff), £2 10s.; J. A. (Chelsea), 1s.; "Inasmuch," 5s.; "A Suffolk Policeman," 2s. 6d.; Mrs. H., 6d.; W. T. S. (Ventnor), 1s.; M. D. (Bury), 2s. 6d.; L. P. (Urmston), 2s. 6d.; E. C. (Bournemouth), £2 2s.; D. B., 2s. 6d.; J. A. E. (Barnes), 13s.; F. M. R., 10s.; R. G. (Lowestoft), 5s.; "A Durham Englishman," 10s.; M.P., 1s.; S. O., 1s.; A. C. (Hull), 5s.; "£5 Winner," 5s.; "9th S.R.," £1; A. P., 1s.; J. W. B. (Hull), 11s. 6d.; E. G. (B.E.F.), 2s.; T. C., 4s.; J. M. (Natal), 8s.; D. J. C., 1s.; "Josephine," 6d.; A. F., 2s. 6d.; "Joining Up," 10s.; "A Soldier's Mother," 5s.; "A Disgusted Worker," 1s.; S. T., 2s. 6d.; P. H., 1s.

OUR XMAS GIFT.

The "JOHN BULL" PEN Gift Coupon

(VALUE ONE SHILLING)

Which appeared in our issue of November 17th

IS AVAILABLE TO 31st DECEMBER ONLY

SEND AT ONCE.

"JOHN BULL" PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2s. 6d. and two penny stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull" any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. Thus, you may send 13 coupons, and P.O. for 1s. 9d. only and 2d. stamps for postage.

DE LUXE MODEL 1s. EXTRA.

Address, Pen Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2

(December 22nd, 1917.)

P.O.'s should be made payable to John Bull, Ltd., and crossed & Co.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

"PELMANISM"

"The Little Grey Books."

No books have achieved greater popularity during the war than "the little grey books," as they are affectionately called.

Soldiers pore over them in the trenches; sailors con them in their brief intervals of leisure in the Grand Fleet; business men and women consult them at every possible opportunity; lawyers, doctors, and students find them an ever-ready source of help, stimulation, and encouragement.

In fact, everybody is studying these wonderful "little grey books" in which the principles of Pelmanism are so interestingly explained; "Pelmanism," that extraordinary new force in modern life—the "cardinal factor of success," to quote TRUTH'S telling phrase.

If you do not know the "little grey books" you should hasten to make up for lost time. "Nobody who has not studied these books," says an ardent Pelmanist, "can conceive the immeasurable benefits resulting from them."

"A single one of them would be cheap to me at £100," declares a solicitor. "As a direct consequence of them I gained a step in promotion," writes a Lieut.-Colonel.

Many clerks, shop assistants, and salesmen tell how they doubled and trebled their incomes as the result of a few weeks' study of the Pelman Course. Tradesmen tell of "record turnover" and 100 per cent. and 200 per cent. increase in profits. The latest batch of reports from Pelman students show that *less than half per cent.*—not one in a hundred!—failed to gain substantial advantages from the Pelman Course.

And all at the price of a half-hour or so a day for a few weeks! It sounds too good to be true, but there are thousands of letters to prove that it is absolutely true. There is not a class, not a business or trade or profession in these islands in which Pelmanism has not proved itself a wonderful help to success, increasing efficiency and developing "braininess," to such a degree that promotion and a bigger salary follow as surely as night follows day.

Women are particularly keen on Pelmanism; it has proved such an enormous help to them in "getting on" in business. Many of them describe it as "the best investment I ever made."

Moreover, they find it a truly fascinating study. "I am genuinely sorry the course has finished. I have found it so absorbingly interesting as well as profitable." These are the exact words used by students.

TRUTH has lately made another report upon the progress of Pelmanism, and confesses it would be impossible to name a business or vocation in which there were not hundreds of Pelman students.

Army and Navy officers are very "keen on Pelman"; 41 Generals, 8 Admirals, and 4,000 other officers are studying it, as well as thousands of rank and file. A large number of JOHN BULL readers have taken it and have already profited by it in income and position.

An opportunity now occurs for those readers who have not yet made the acquaintance of the "little grey books" to rectify that omission.

FREE—WRITE TO-DAY.

By writing to-day to the Pelman Institute, 15, Wenham House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C. 1, you will receive *gratis and post free* a copy of "Mind and Memory," in which the Pelman Course is fully described and explained. The Course is taught by post, and can be studied anywhere and at any time—at home, in the office, at lunch, in the train. There is nothing "technical," difficult, or tiresome about it. You will find the study a source of real pleasure, as well as of immense and life-long benefit. Remember, "Mind and Memory" will cost you nothing, and with it you will receive also a free copy of TRUTH'S famous Report, which has been described as "an amazing document," full of the most absorbingly interesting facts about Pelmanism, and containing many letters from people who have benefited by it.

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only should be forwarded in the first instance. LETTERS must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 93, Long Acre, W.C. 2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters. FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL and SPORTING inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and except in the case of the last named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. Full names and addresses should be given.

R. B. (St. John's Wood).—Inasmuch as you are the mother of the gallant young airman who was shot down and sentenced to 12 months' imprisonment by the Germans for calling them Huns, in his pigeon-post message, you have our profound sympathy.

J. N R. (Redcar).—Don't we think we are sometimes a bit hard on the parsons? Only on the parsons who deserve it.

"DUMPS" (Bury) expects to have a dreary Christmas, as he "can't get any Scotch." It is a dry season this year everywhere.

"A WORKING LAD" (Dublin).—So you think the Irish "Rebellion" should have been called an "Insurrection." Personally, we should be inclined to call it a wash-out.

"ASSISTANT TEACHER" (Bristol).—"I consider JOHN BULL a public benefactor." So do we.

S.-S. H. (R.F.A.).—You have two methods to end the war, and can beat Lord Dundonald's scheme, without knowing what it is. Your modest price is £150 pension. Try Ramsay Mac or Lord Sandsdown.

"READER AND PATRIOT.—"One Tommy said, 'When I die, I want JOHN BULL buried with me.'" We take it as kindly meant, but it sounds like burying us alive.

"WARD E5" (Plymouth).—Ladies visiting military hospitals and inviting soldiers to take up fancy needlework *with German materials* are hereby asked to stay away. They irritate the patients and retard recovery.

W. W. M. (Farnboro').—"Are the Germans tunnelling under sea from Belgium to England? Are the Spooks in Kent due to German wireless? Is London being tunnelled by the Germans?" Say, you've got the jumps *bad!*

"MEMBER OF THE W.A.A.C." (Bensham).—As you all have to be in by 7 p.m. every night, we presume that either you are all under 16, or your C.O. is Mrs. Grundy personified.

J. W. B,—Cannot agree that the next generation will be "most part idiots." You've evidently been swallowing soapsuds.

M. W. (late 2nd Yorks).—"Was in S.A. war; lost my arm at Loos after 14 months with 7th Division. Excuse me if I am taking up too much of your time." Nothing to excuse; our time belongs to men like you.

W. C. S. (Edmonton).—We have read your lines, but are still inclined to think that all the poets are dead.

"FARM GIRLS."—Certainly 18s. a week is far from a living wage. As things go now, it is not much more than respectable beer-money.

"FROM THE TRENCHES."—"What is the population of the first three British cities?" (Overcrowded.) "What is the average height, English, Scotch, Irish, Welsh, races?" (Each man stands over two feet.)

SAPPER H. (Royal Engineers).—Sorry cannot trace "the plans of your idea." Perhaps you posted them in the wrong slit.

MRS. F. H. (Warrington).—"Whoever stole the cigarettes I sent to my son in France, I call them paltry dog-like thieves." Dogs wouldn't do it; otherwise you are correct.

C. B. (Birmingham).—"Lord Lansdowne's letter has alarmed me." We are glad of that. We hope it has alarmed the whole country. As a matter of fact, we fancy his Lordship is himself a bit scared now he sees what he has done.

"PAPERHANGER" (Moss Side).—"He said before the war he would not have taken JOHN BULL in his hand, but now he held it in the highest esteem." It seems to us that a great many people went about with their minds hermetically sealed before this war broke out.

"WELL-WISHER" (Fleetwood).—Except in the book you mention, we do not know of any other volume containing collated extracts from our writings.

"TED" (Ramsgate).—Glad you consider the "Letter Bag" "one of our most pleasing features." By our readers generally it is regarded as a juicy dish.

E. V. K. (Gloucestershire).—We note that you wrote to us at your own request. That was a jolly sight better than being dictated to by other people.

"UNFORTUNATE" (Wigan).—There seems no legal remedy for the damage your clothes have sustained, but you had better get your wife to patch your trousers, if only because of the draughts.

"A YORKSHIREMAN."—We have had much pleasure in forwarding your 10s.—"Some Xmas milk for the Baby"—to the poor woman mentioned in our paragraph "Two Banquets."

B. C. (Stretton-under-Fosse).—"No doubt you will be surprised to hear from me." Surprised isn't the word for it.

2ND LIEUT. G. B. (Wareham).—Glad you knew how to deal with the alien barber who tried to fleece you. Our own barber was so "bucked" that he offered our staff free shaves all round.

"A BRITISHER" (H.M.S. *Roger de Coverley*).—No need to publish the names and addresses of Conchies for identification purposes. Their lily-white gills and rabbit mouths give them away every time.

"TWO YOUNG CAMPAIGNERS" (London).—The gravamen of our charge against the Brothers Wood is that these two young robust, irregular evangelists of military age moved heaven and earth to "wangle" their exemption from military service, while men as good, if not better, than themselves are giving up their lives daily on every front for the greatest cause humanity has ever been called upon to defend.

"36 WAACS" (St. John's Wood) and MANY OTHER WAACS.—Leave to go home when fares are prohibitive is no leave. You should have the soldier's privilege of reduced rates.

"WIN THE WAR" (Wigan).—"The new Secretary to the Infirmary is a man aged 37; salary, £250." Why was the berth not given to a man who has served?

E. S. (Melton Mowbray).—Pleased to see that the *Leicester Daily Mercury* estimates the egregious Ramsay von MacDonald at his true value.

S. (Levenshulme).—No wonder you were in trouble. Always keep very quiet in the house after the wind has brought down the wife's week's washing.

E. F. (Weymouth).—"The gentlemen who are so actively opposing the Marriage Law Reform" are, one might imagine, disgruntled old bachelors who gloat with joy on ill-matched married people's misery.

H. M. L. (Newcastle).—Surely the hirsute locals may be depended upon to patronise your daughter, who is pluckily carrying on as a barber in the absence of her soldier brother.

"SAPPER DAY."—Our Editor's name did *not* appear on any horse box during 1916, but that of the Dicker Stud did.

"SMALL ARMS AMMUNITION GIRLS."—Your complaint that all the credit is given to the "shell girls" and none to you is a just protest against an unintentional slight. Here's to the bonny bulleteers!

W. F. (Carshalton).—Is there any point to your letter, or were you merely testing the typewriter?

"ONE WHO HAS TRIED."—As a serious proposition, your suggestion of a Cross or Medal for people who have invented anti-submarine or anti-raid devices of no earthly use to anybody, is about the funniest thing we have read lately.

M. H. (Marsh Green).—"Mr. JOHN BULL Advertisement Department. Please send word how many Continents there are in the world." The Advt. Manager will go out and count them. Reply on return.

"GIDDY GIRL" (Hampstead).—"Cheero! Though this is my first letter to you, it is by no means my first thought. I often think of you." Only the Economy Campaign deters us from offering a penny for your thoughts.

W. J. (Guernsey).—What do you mean by "Dutch Drops"—nips of Hollands gin?

"WORKER" (Workington).—In the words of Thomas Atkins, Esq., the Auto-Knitter Hosiery Co., Ltd., of Belvoir Street, Leicester, is *non bon.*

W. M. C. (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—You say, "They had little or no clothes on them." Now, which *was* it?

"EYE-WITNESS" (St. Dunstan's).—"The officer who demanded a salute did not know the man was blind, the man's glass eyes and confident bearing misleading him. When he found his mistake, nothing could exceed his regret." Glad to hear it.

"FAIRPLAY" (Shetland).—The Shipping Controller has ordered more money for seamen, but has overlooked the Wireless Operator.

TRP. R.F.A. (Aldershot).—Thanks for your "Soldier's Poems." They are not bad, but—why not try prose next time?

"LEX" (Monmouth).—You are right. Solomon should have said that in the multitude of councillors there's a deuce of a lot of contradictions.

"JASPER" (Aldwych).—If you knew better than us, why ask our opinion? Go to Jericho—if they'll have you.

"A TOMMY'S WIFE" (Tottenham, N.)—You say you had a "good mind" not to post your appreciative letter. That was a bad, not a good, mind and we are glad you changed it.

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

THE "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL, *i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment, and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns, we will refund the purchase money provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase. All communications should be addressed to* JOHN BULL, *Advertisement Department, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.*

COMPANY MEETING

UNITED DAIRIES.

INFANT WELFARE.

The second ordinary general meeting of United Dairies (Limited) was held on Wednesday, the 12th inst., at the Great Western Hotel, Paddington, Mr. Reginald Butler, chairman of the company presiding.

The chairman, in moving the adoption of the report and accounts, first dealt with the accounts, and said that after paying the final dividend there was an increase on last year in the carry forward of £33,000, the amount being £45,720. This was a very satisfactory result. Besides the distribution of milk, which provided only a minor portion of their revenue, they were large manufacturers, and controlled some five engineering businesses, situated in various parts of the British Isles, a wholesale provision business, which, of its kind, they claimed to be one of the largest in this country, and that for the year they were now in the omens were favourable; every section of the business continued to increase and develop, and the sales were exceeding those of any previous year.

He emphasised the fact that the results shown in the balance-sheet were obtained by fair dealing—fairly dealing with the producer on the one hand and with the customer on the other hand.

Let them remember what he said before, that one of the most, if not the most, effective methods by which they intended to give a satisfactory return upon their capital was the simple process of eliminating unnecessary expenditure in working. As an illustration of that—the number of horses now employed in the London milk trade. Under a sensible, properly organised system of distribution, hundreds of these horses became unnecessary. They were only "necessary" now because of the unnecessary journeys made to distribute milk to the consumers.

Apart from the cost of their purchases, there was the maintenance of those horses, which they might put at £2 per week in London. Here was a source of saving, which in the course of a year would amount to a very large sum. But it had a larger aspect, in these times especially: these horses were much wanted in the country for purposes of first importance to the State. Further, this horse labour, which in London was unremunerative expenditure, when diverted to the country became at once a source of profit.

Shortly put, this scheme meant the substitution of "Use for Waste"; the provinces would find use for the horses, they for the labour, and, as he said before, waste, which in ordinary times was foolish, in these times became a crime against the nation, whether it be waste of food, of materials, of labour, or of money.

The most profitable and economical use of all these things was what the best men in England were aiming at to-day. Their directors, and those who were associated with them, claimed to know something—more than a little—of the milk trade, and to know where to put the finger upon waste in this direction at least. More than one of them had over 35 years' experience in the business. The companies of which theirs was the amalgamation were not the creations of financiers, who got together the capital and then framed a scheme for disposing of it. They were practical men—men who were among the pioneers of the creamery industry in this country, and of the London wholesale milk trade.

There were times when the nation could not afford to lose 5,000 infant lives yearly, let alone 100,000; neither could it afford to allow the health of those who did not die to be impaired or ruined. Serious as were all the forms of economic waste, more serious was vital waste. The industry with which they were concerned, for which they were so largely responsible in the world's greatest centre of population, touched this grave matter directly. Food and housing were two matters which were fundamental to it, and in that great campaign—he might say, crusade—the improvement of the health of the nation, which was certainly coming in the near future, food and housing would be heard much of.

These remarks pointed to another way in which the company could be more than a profit-earning machine, and could do "its further bit" in the interest of the State. It could help to prevent the waste of human life. To give to London a purer and more wholesome milk was always an important object in their original negotiations, and to secure this quickly he turned to the producers and asked, and claimed, their whole-hearted co-operation. A stimulus to this co-operation would be that they received an equitable return for their labour expended and their capital invested. He suggested that the producers should take a more direct and intimate share in the work.

The report was unanimously adopted.

RHEUMATISM

Send for valuable book giving secret of a simple cure. Free to sufferers.

Are you a walking barometer—have you pains that shift from joint to joint at every change of the weather—are you subject to occasional recurring catching pains—if so, you are suffering from an excess of Uric Acid, and should

CURE THE TROUBLE AT ONCE.

You can easily do it yourself at home.

You may have heard of the wonderful specific that does this. It is called Curicones, a real scientific discovery. Write to-day for a

FREE HOME TRIAL PACKAGE

and a copy of the little book, "The Story of a Rheumatic Cure." It gives you the secret of this remarkable discovery, which has already been the means of curing thousands of cases of

NEURITIS, RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA, GOUT.

It is the only preparation as far as we know which cures Rheumatoid Arthritis.

West End doctor's experience:

"Your firm will doubtless be pleased to learn that the result of using your Curicones and Arthroids Balm was so satisfactory that I recommended their use to Mrs. ——— who suffered for years from Arthritis. She is now entirely cured, all swelling and pain completely gone." ———M.D.

Don't delay—it costs you nothing—waiting won't help you. Curicones give prompt relief, and will cure you. The book tells you why Curicones are so effective. They will relieve your pains, reduce swellings, and make life a pleasure once more. They are equally efficacious for simple occasional Rheumatism as for chronic cases when all other means have failed. The secret of their success is that they cure by removing the cause of the mischief and not merely alleviating symptoms.

FREE. Send no money. Just sign the following and post to Stephen Matthews & Co., Ltd. (Dept. U6), 19-20 Farringdon Stree, London, E.C.4. Please send me your little book, The Free Home Trial Package, and your usual circulars of information, etc.

Name .....

Address .....

Ailment .....

The "**De Reszke**" *American* is a *large* Cigarette, but it is also recognised as the world's best Virginia blend.

Sold everywhere.

WHAT!

Give up smoking? No; but my tongue's so bad. Well ask them to send you some T.M. T.M. not only cleans the teeth but removes "tongue bite," and keeps the mouth sweet.

T.M. The Standard DENTIFRICE

—for everybody.
Use it yourself.

Powder 6d. tins. Paste 1/- tubes.
All Chemists, or
Christy: (J.B.), Old Swan Lane, E.C.4.

LIVERPOOL VICTORIA LEGAL FRIENDLY SOCIETY.

Chief Office: ST. ANDREW STREET, LONDON, E.C.4.

CLAIMS PAID £12,000,000
INVESTED FUNDS £6,600,000
WAR CLAIMS PAID £440,000

Life and Endowment Assurances at Popular Rates

LIVERPOOL VICTORIA APPROVED SOCIETY.

Our numerous Branch Offices and Agents throughout the Kingdom transact National Health Insurance.

ARTHUR HENRI, Secretary.

'BULLETS' FIRST PRIZE £250

2ND PRIZE £25 | **3RD PRIZE £10**

10 PRIZES OF £5	10 PRIZES OF £2:10/-	50 PRIZES OF 10/-	400 PRIZES OF 5/-	1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6	3,000 SPECIAL TARGET PRIZES

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."—First choose any of the 32 examples given below. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These examples will guide you:—Example:—SWEET YOUNG MAID. Bullet:—NOT ALWAYS AFTER MARRIAGE. Example:—GROCER'S SHOP. Bullet:—NEGATIVE BECOMES POSITIVE. Competitors may send in Two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent. Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated January 12th, 1918. This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in EVERYWOMAN'S, dated Dec. 22nd

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 268.

CLEARING THE WAY	MANY TANKS	WHEN TURKEY'S FINISHED	CHRISTMAS STOCKING
WHAT HINDENBURG THINKS	HARD TO TELL	STRONG MAN	WHEN PEACE COMES
WISE WOMAN	EATING HUMBLE PIE	DOUBTFUL STARTER	HYMN OF HATE
FATHER REGRETS	OUT OF POCKET	DRIVEN HOME	WHAT RUSSIA WANTS
SOLD OUT	A WARM CUSTOMER	MIXING THINGS UP	ONCE UPON A TIME
WHAT TOMMY SAYS	MARRIAGE VOWS	KEEPING CHRISTMAS	SIR ARTHUR YAPP
GROCER'S SHOP	KEEPING A SECRET	STUFFING	LANDLADY'S EXCUSE
SWEET YOUNG MAID	BUYING WAR BONDS	STIRRING TIMES	MAKES KAISER BLUSH

☞ **Please note that in consequence of the Christmas Holidays the closing date has been extended to Friday, Dec. 28th**

Closing Date, Friday, December 28th.

No.____
Example____
Bullet____
Example____
Bullet____

(266) P.O. No.____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.
If 1 coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

Signed____
Address____

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 268. "JOHN BULL." LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2
Write "Competition" in top left-hand corner of envelope.

Closing Date, Friday, December 28th.

No.____
Example____
Bullet____
Example____
Bullet____

(266) P.O. No.____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.
If 2 coupons are used P.O. for 1/- must be sent.

Signed____
Address____

Closing Date, Friday, December 28th.

No.____
Example____
Bullet____
Example____
Bullet____

(266) P.O. No.____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.
If 3 coupons are used P.O. for 1/6 must be sent.

Signed____
Address____

SPECIAL RULE. In order to afford our Military and Naval Competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for **Next Week's** "Bullets" Competition **No. 267.** These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach **these offices on or before THURSDAY, JANUARY 3rd, 1918.** Please note that all coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **267** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons **MUST** be addressed "Bullets" **No. 267,** "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such coupons **MUST NOT** contain any of the thirty-two Examples for the present week's competition.

Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 267.

NEW YEAR'S WISH	A GOOD BEGINNING	OUR POLITICIANS	MAKING IT UP
PRINCIPAL BOY	RECEIVED WITH THANKS	SOON FORGOTTEN	TOMMY'S BEST FRIEND
MOST GIRLS LIKE	GOVERNMENT ORDERS	KEEPING HIS BALANCE	TEMPTING FATHER
WHAT A PAL	CAN'T BE DONE	IN THE QUEUE	SHOPPING
GETTING ON	A SAFE INVESTMENT	GOOD FOR NOTHING	THE KAISER'S RESOLUTION

BULLETS RULES. 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges in conjunction with the Editor is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon. All three coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed ____ and Co.

3. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Result of "BULLETS" £1,000 CHRISTMAS OFFER (Competition No. 264) will appear in next week's issue.

ECONOMISING OF LINEN

"The Stains Disappeared as by Magic."

"Dear Sirs,

After seeing your Movol advertised, I have tried it to-day, and am really amazed at the results. I had sent to me a nurse's apron, almost new, but discarded on account of a big ironmould mark. I got a 6d. tube for trial and followed the directions, and the stain disappeared as if by magic. It is far simpler and safer to use than anything I have known before.

Yours faithfully,
G. A. T."

This Salvage of Linen can be attempted equally successfully by every one of our readers. There is no risk of injuring the finest fabric. Sold in 1s. and 6d. tubes by Ironmongers, Chemists, and Stores everywhere.

P.S.—Movol quickly removes disinfectant stains from hospital linen.

Ironmould, Rust, Fruit, Medicine Stains, etc., removed quickly

MOVOL

In case of difficulty in obtaining send 1/2 for large trial tube to

W. EDGE & SONS, Ld. Bolton.

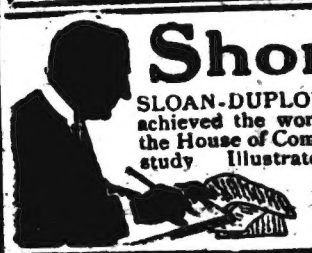
RILEY'S Home Billiards

YOU WILL BE DELIGHTED with a Riley Billiard Table in the home. No matter how small your room is, there is a Riley Table to fit it. Riley's Miniature Billiard Tables give a perfect game, so truly are they proportioned. Seven Days' Free Trial. Prices from £6 10s. The 6ft. 4in. size at £6 10s cash or 18 monthly payments of 10s. is suitable for most rooms. Riley's "Combine" Billiard and Dining Tables from £15 cash, or in 12 or 18 monthly payments. These prices include all accessories & carriage to any address within 1 mile of railway station.

Illustrated Catalogue Free.

E. J. RILEY, LTD., Manor Works, Accrington
London Showrooms. 147, *Aldersgate St E.C.*

Shorthand



SLOAN-DUPLOYAN is the system that achieved the world's reporting record in the House of Commons. It saves a year's study. Illustrated booklet, with lesson, etc., free.—Sloan-Duployan Headquarters, Dept. 32, Ramsgate.

Smoking too much? Throat Dry? Tongue Sore?

JUST TRY SOTOL

ALL-BRITISH MOUTH AND THROAT BATHS.
Recommended by the Highest Authorities.
Ensure a Healthy Mouth and Throat
Chemists Sell 6 for 1/6; 100 for 2/9.
Refuse Substitutes. Direct supply from
Western Dental Manufacturing Co., Ltd.,
74, Wigmore Street, London, W. 1.
Samples 2d. Stamps.

You will need

PARASITOX

PARA-SI-TOX

Because it protects the soldier from attacks of loathsome and torturing body vermin—the spreader of infectious diseases, as malaria, etc. BECAUSE it ensures perfect rest at nights free from the obnoxious bites of these dangerous pests. Parasitox, the wonderful scientific destroyer (in compound form), is never known to fail. Applied to the seams of the clothing, the neck and other exposed parts, the heat of the body causes slow vaporisation of the acting principles which permeate the surrounding area, causing utter destruction to all vermin. Convenient to handle and carry, pleasant to use with aromatic perfume. Beware of cold, greasy ointments and worthless powders. Hundreds of letters from grateful soldiers testify to the efficiency of Parasitox.

Kills & Prevents BODY VERMIN

1 *Per Stick*

Non-Greasy Pleasant to use

Send to your Soldier Friends

Friends at home can give no better gift than a stick of Parasitox. Every Soldier who has experienced the horrors of sleepless nights caused by the torture of these vile pests, will appreciate a gift of Parasitox. Send a stick to-day.
Obtainable from Expeditionary Force Canteens, all branches of Boots Cash Chemists, Parkes, Army and Navy Stores, Harrod's, Selfridge's, and all principal Chemists and Stores, or from **Roppell's Pharmacies, 164, Piccadilly, and other branches.**

"JOHN BULL'S"

GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE.

We are giving, absolutely **FREE OF CHARGE,** an Insurance against ZEPPELIN and all other AIR RAIDS BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, REBELLION, or BLOCKADE. Anyone can be insured, irrespective of sex or age, but a separate coupon must be filled in for each person.

Remember, the Ordinary Fire and Accident Policies afford no protection whatever against war risks.

The full conditions governing this scheme will appear in* JOHN BULL *from time to time.

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

In respect of any registered reader (man, woman or child) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named.	£200
For the loss of two limbs or both eyes, or one eye and a limb	£200
For the loss of one limb or one eye.	£100
For week for total temporary disablement for a period not exceeding 13 weeks.	£3
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

ORDER FORM.

To be Remitted by Newsagent.

To..... Newsagent.

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

Address.....

Dec. 22, 1917.

You must also fill in the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93 Long Acre, London, W.C.2, where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

A half-penny stamp should be forwarded if an acknowledgment of receipt of coupon is desired.

REGISTRATION FORM.

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, W.C.2

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

.....Newsagent, of

.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee.....

Address .....

Signature of Insured .....
[Mr., Mrs., or Miss]

Address of home .....

.....

Dec. 22, 1917.

£25 REWARD

WANTED, the Copies of "JOHN BULL" for Dec. 15, 1917, bearing on the Covers the numbers 174,296, 248,138, 712,942, 1,108,004, and 1,632,726. Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid the sum of £5. Apply, THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, W.C.2.

Foster Clark's
The Creamiest Custard
Cream Custard

VERITAS
GAS MANTLES.
British Made
by
British Labour
with
British Capital.
Obtainable from all Ironmongers, Gas Fitters, Dealers, &c. Wholesale.
VERITAS LIGHT WORKS,
London, Glasgow and Manchester.

Freemans
DISTINCTIVE
READY SOUPS

1728-1917.

In Public Favour!

A test unsurpassed by any other Cocoa.
Fry's contains every ingredient necessary to the building up and maintenance of a perfectly equipped physique.
"There is No Better Food."—*Dr. Andrew Wilson, F.R.S.E., &c.*

Fry's PURE BREAKFAST Cocoa

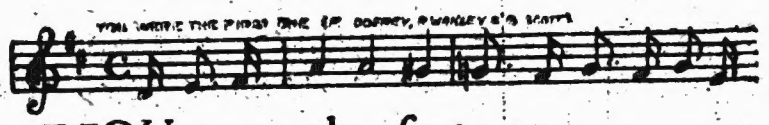
"Sorry to keep you waiting, but my lace is broken. I really must make a point of buying **Hurculaces.**"

Hurculaces
GUARANTEED BRITISH MADE

Hurculaces are the ideal laces for boots or shoes.

Infinitely superior to the unbranded laces—chiefly German—so thoughtlessly purchased in the past. HURCULACES never "let you down"—they do not become dingy nor lose their tags. Always smart, neat, and comfortable.

Stocked by high-class Drapers, Outfitters, and Bootmakers.



YOU were the first one
to show us just the way;
Swift in use like a MARTIN.
Bright like a sunny DAY.

Day and Martin's KNOW HOW. Naturally, they have been making Boot Polish for 143 years. The result of this accumulated knowledge and experience is shown in the rare and excellent virtues of the Polish.

Black and Brown; put up in the TIN WITH THE TAB, and sold by Dealers at 1½d., 3d., 4½d., and 9d.

DAY & MARTIN, LIMITED.
The Boot Polish Specialists,
LONDON, E.15.
Established 1770.

DAY & MARTIN'S Boot Polish

Song Series no. 5.

Cheerio

"Plenty of exercise and **Page Woodcock's Pills**" is Uncle Cheeriboy's motto. "If you can't get the exercise take a pill now and again—your work will be a pleasure and your pleasure a joy."

Page Woodcock's Pills are nature's own correctives, providing, in a purely vegetable form, a safe and certain remedy for constipation, sluggish liver, kidney disorders, and all irregularities of the stomach and bowels.

Page Woodcock's Pills have cleansed the blood of the nation for over sixty years—they will keep you always fit and in perfect condition.

Sold by all Chemists in 1/3 and 3/- boxes.

Mr. ——— *writes*—
"About three years ago I suffered terribly from Constipation. At a lucky moment I decided on Page Woodcock's Pills. From their use I detected an improvement from the first, and so persevered with the treatment—in the end they completely cured me."

Page Woodcock's Pills

HAVE CURED MILLIONS—WILL CURE YOU.

Printed and published for the Proprietors (John Bull, Ltd.), by Odhams Limited, 93 and 94, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Agents for the Colonies, Gordon and Gotch, Ltd., London, Australia, Canada, etc.; South Africa, Central News Agency, Ltd.; also Imperial News Co., Ltd.; Toronto News Co., Ltd., and Montreal News Co., Ltd., Canada.

All Editorial Communications must be addressed to the Editor at 93, Long Acre, W.C.2, and applications for Advertisement Space in "John Bull" must be made to Messrs. Odhams Limited (Advertisement Department), 85-93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Telephone: Gerrard 9670 (seven lines).